

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Title: Shadows in the Fields

Date: July 1991

Time: 23:30h

Location: Coppull - Fields south of village

The night was draped in a deep, velvety silence, broken only by the distant hum of crickets. A sliver of moonlight painted a silver path across the fields, casting eerie shadows that danced in the gentle breeze. In this quiet corner of Coppull, secrets stirred beneath the surface.

As the clock struck half-past eleven, a lone figure, wrapped in a weathered coat, wandered into the fields. James, a local farmer, was making his nightly rounds, checking on the livestock and ensuring the fences held fast. Tonight, however, there was an air of trepidation that clung to him like the mist.

Suddenly, a low, guttural growl rumbled through the night. James froze, his senses on high alert. He knew every sound of the countryside, but this was different. It carried a weight, a feral intensity that set his heart pounding.

He strained his eyes against the darkness, peering into the shadows where the sound emanated. And then, like a specter born of the night, it emerged. A large, ebony figure moved sinuously through the grass, its sleek form almost fluid in its grace.

James' breath caught in his throat. This was no ordinary creature of the wild; it was something altogether otherworldly. The moonlight glinted off its fur, painting it with an ethereal silver sheen. It moved with a silent purpose, eyes gleaming like twin orbs of amber.

He watched, mesmerized, as the creature prowled the fields, a silent predator in its own domain. The air seemed charged with a primal energy, the very essence of the wild coursing through the night.

Unable to tear his gaze away, James felt a strange connection to this enigmatic being. It was as if he stood on the precipice of something ancient and powerful, a force that transcended the boundaries of the known world.

Minutes stretched into eternity as the large black cat wove its way through the fields, a living shadow in the moonlight. Eventually, with a final, lingering glance back at James, it melted back into the darkness, leaving behind a sense of wonder and mystery.

Word of the encounter spread through Coppull like wildfire. Some dismissed it as a trick of the night, a tale woven from shadows and imagination. But for James, it was a revelation—a glimpse into a world that defied explanation.

From that night forward, the fields south of the village held a new allure, a place where the ordinary met the extraordinary, where the boundaries of reality blurred. And though the large black cat remained a mystery, its presence lingered in the hearts of those who dared to believe that there were still secrets waiting to be uncovered in the world.

By Donald Jay